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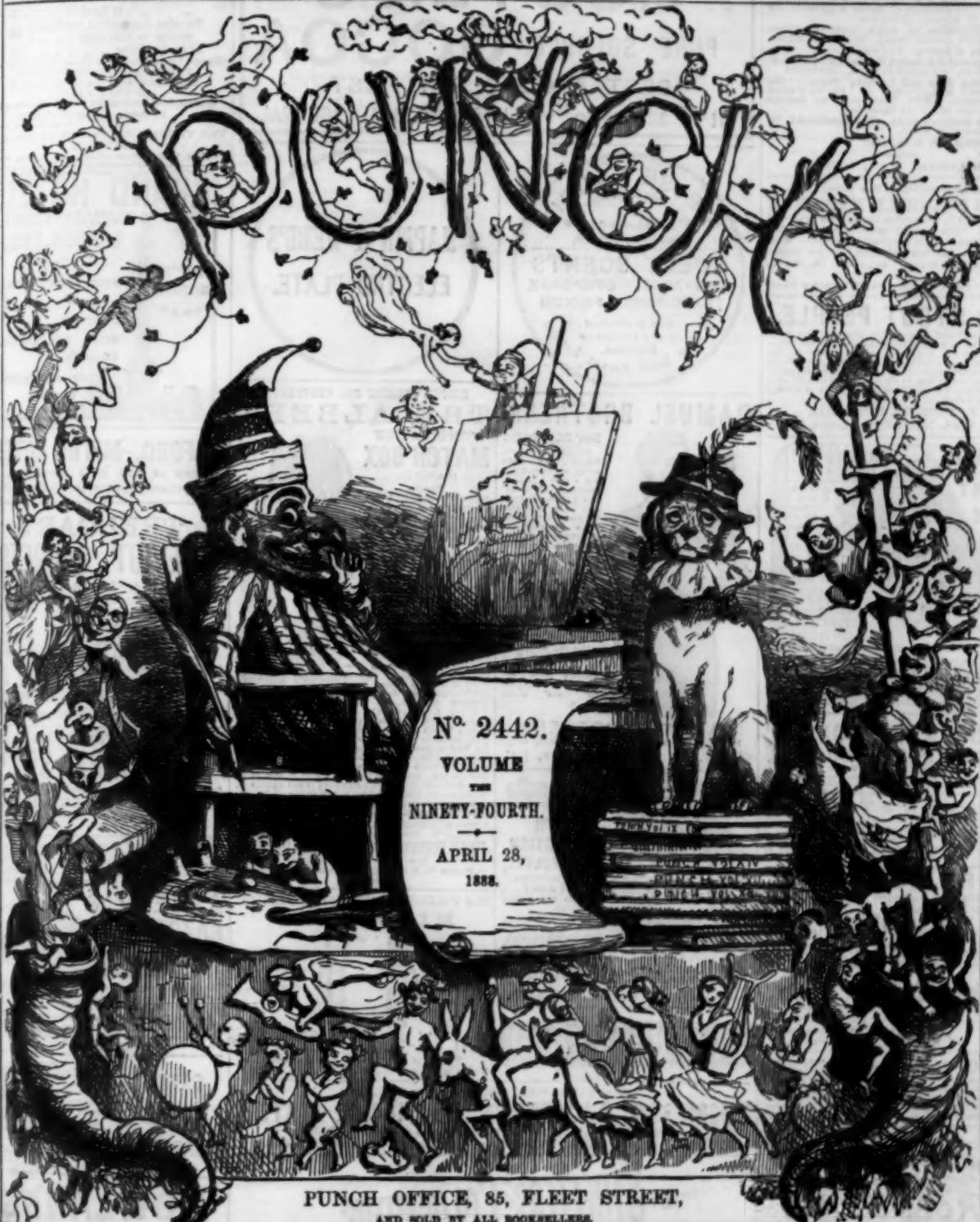
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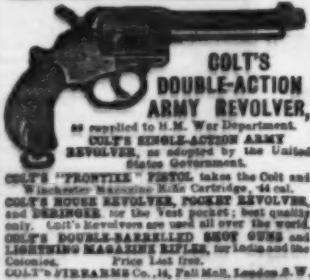
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QUITE "TAKEN" BY LES SURPRISES.

M. BISSON's "comédie," entitled *Les Surprises du Divorce*, which is now one of the great successes of Paris, was played to such big houses last week at the Royalty as would have been sufficient to warrant M. MAYER in taking month at least. *Les Surprises* is ingeniously constructed and most amusing so genuinely comic, and the



"Coquelinant" at the Royalty.

with even a less popular comedian than COQUELIN, supported by the youthful JEAN COQUELIN and the competent company—including a M. BOULANGER, by the way—whom M. MAYER has got together at the Royal Theatre.

It is said that Mr. HARE is going to produce an English version of *Les Surprises* at his, at present unbuilt, theatre. If so, the adapter, if he lays the scene in England, will have a difficult task, as what is essential to the plot is impossible here, and much detail that is necessary to the humour of the farce an English audience would not tolerate in an English piece; though in a French play, acted by French comedians, "suggestiveness" is expected and condoned in advance by an English audience, who, as a rule, laugh the louder the more they see and the less they understand.

The old "business" of the low comedian, when overcome with emotion, falling on to the keyboard of the piano, of a quiet man bringing in a loaded tray only to be kicked over by the principal low comedian in order to end an Act with something brisk, and to bring down "a quick curtain," would be received by our capricious first-nighters with derision. But what in a French farce is considered by an English audience as "immensely funny," would be voted "old" and "stupid" in an English piece of the same kind. I doubt whether the ringing slap on the face given by the actor to the actress would be acceptable to an English audience, if the characters represented were English. However, these matters are for the adapter's consideration. Taken for what it is, a brisk French farce, played by a good light French company, with plenty of French *sauces piquantes*, *Les Surprises du Divorce* is among the funniest pieces to which M. NAQUET's *Divorce Act* has given birth.

JACK IN THE BOX.

"TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN, TAFFY WAS"—AHEM!—That Reverend Arcadian Welsh Shepherd who was brought up—he must have been very badly brought up!—before the Magistrate, at the instance of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for chipping pieces off some old stone table in the Abbey, in order to carry them away as relias, ought to be presented with a living near Chipping Norton. Perhaps "Mr. G." could find him convenient employment at Hawarden. He was fined a couple of sovereigns for the damage done. No doubt he considers he got off very cheaply.

A NEW HERESY.—The week before last we mentioned the spread of Ariane-ism in the Strand. But what is "Plagiarism in the Pulpit" for which, in the York Convocation, Dr. HAYMAN wished to condemn Canon FLEMING? Is it a misprint for "Pelagiannism"? If not who was the Heresiarch? When did Plagiary flourish? Of course we do not mean Sir Fretful. Poor Canon FLEMING to be gibbeted on "HAYMAN'S gallows"! This would be "suspending" him with a vengeance. Let us hope the worthy FLEMING will be acquitted of Plagiarism.

APPROPRIATE FOR APRIL.—Quite the Month for the Aquarellistes in Pall Mall East and Piccadilly to open their Shows. Plenty of showers at both places.

MR. PUNCH'S INDIAN POSSESSIONS.

The Indian Daily News of Monday, March 26, has been received at our office, containing the following intelligence:—

"MOTI SINGH, the Rajah of Punch, has come into sudden notoriety by the imprisonment of his Prime Minister and family, and confiscation of their property, &c. The State of Punch lies about midway between Rawal Pindi and Srinagar, &c."

To interview Rajah MOTI SINGH, Mr. Punch has, of course, immediately despatched two of his best Rajahs-in-Waiting from his Home Office, KHAN SINGH and MUSTAPHA SINGH with A Note. Mr. Punch thinks it due to the Prime Minister to say that this is the first time he has ever heard even the whisper of any charge against him, and he is loth to believe that the present difficulty is due to Russian intrigue. The Two Rajahs will be accompanied (on the Tom-Tom) by the celebrated Indian Guide, RITA-WAZIR; and Mr. Punch trusts that the meeting of the three Rajahs—KHAN SINGH, MUSTAPHA SINGH, and MOTI SINGH—who will enjoy the far-famed hospitality of the NIKAM ANPERAH-DINAR—will be thoroughly harmonious.

THE RECOGNITION OF INHUMANITY.

WHAT would be the reasonable chastisement to award for a misdemeanor no worse than an unprovoked assault by which a sufferer is but grievously injured and irreparably maimed for life? Well, as much, perhaps, as seclusion for a term of some not too long duration. Such was the sentence stated to have been passed by the Recorder of Sheffield on two betting men, one named OXLEY, and the other LAMBERT, convicted of rather too rough horseplay on the person of a respectable tradesman. They had merely knocked him down, and four of his teeth out, broken his jaw, and inflicted injuries styled "serious" upon his head. For these acts of only unlawful wounding, OXLEY was awarded no less than two months' and LAMBERT as much as one month's imprisonment. In this instance, justice, as usual in such cases, was tempered with mercy; and according to precedent not ridiculously too much of the latter. But certainly, the reverse of that view of it was taken by the people of Sheffield. At a crowded meeting of townsmen convened by the Mayor, resolutions were passed actually protesting against the inadequacy of those lenient sentences! What Draconian judgment did the Mayor and his concourse wish to have been pronounced on a somewhat too forcible outbreak of animal spirits? Five years of penal servitude perhaps, and a whipping or two into the bargain? Why, the defendants couldn't have got so much as that unless they had aggravated mere violence with the graver offence of robbery. They seem to have been sent to prison without the option of a fine. Was not that sufficient to satisfy the rigorous requirements of the Men of Sheffield? An imprisonment of two months' duration for an assault upon a man is as heavy a penalty as that usually imposed on the assailant of a woman or a child. Isn't it?

ANOTHER "MYSTERY."—The Shilling Dreadnoughts are having a fine time of it. All Murders and Mysteries. The Book-stalls of W. H. SMITH—or "The SMITHIES," as they shall be henceforth termed—are full of them. Among the latest is *The Cliff Mystery*, by Mr. HAMILTON AIDE, who is also "among the profits." The more improbable the story, the greater the probability of its being read. Perhaps the Author wrote this shilling tale after a copious draught of what he calls "Château Margot." Does he remember a couplet of CHARLES DANCE's in *Blue Beard*?—

Margot. For drink, O'SHACKABACK, you needn't far go.
O'Shacck. I've searched for you through all the château, MARGOT.

The quotation may not be strictly exact as far as the first line goes, but the second is the one that may have lingered in the Aidean memory. Let him get some "Margaux," and write another Mystery. The greatest Mystery of all is, that there should be a public for all these 'orrible tales!

SURE AS FÊTE.—Last Wednesday, April 18, was about as bad a day as any of the Witches in *Macbeth* could wish for. There was thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, fog, sunshine, cold, heat. Quite a Variety Entertainment. Any Forecaster might have predicted it, or something like, without any great meteorological science, if he had only consulted the list of amusements for the forthcoming week in a Saturday or Sunday paper. For was not the First Show of Spring Flowers announced for this particular day at the Botanical Gardens? O cruel fête! Poor Flora in a mackintosh and under an umbrella!

AIDS TO NEW DICTIONARY.—Mr. GIRLING writes sensibly about corporal punishment, but "Girling" is hardly the appropriate name for a gentleman who has kept a Boy's School. "Girling" would be a very good telegraphic-codey word, meaning "Educating Girls." If this were adopted, then "Boying" would mean "Bringing up Boys." "I boyed him up" would signify, "I had charge of his education from his earliest boyhood?"

MR. PUNCH'S PARALLELS. No. 7. (After a Celebrated Picture.)



"CHAIR! CHAIR!"—The late Mr. GEORGE GODWIN's collection of the Chairs of Great Men brought in a fair sum. "THEODORE HOOK's Chair with a curious back, revolving so as to serve as a table, sold for nineteen guineas"—"which sum," said GEORGE JOHN, with ever-ready wit, "ought to have been devoted to a chairy-table purpose."

BRADLAUGH v. PETERS.—At the request of Mr. LABOUCHERE some Members subscribed the £500 damages and costs which PETERS got out of BRADLAUGH. "This," as the Comic Chancellor, GEO. JOHN observed, "is the first instance within the last four hundred years of a collection of 'Peter's Pence' in the House of Commons."



AN INOPPORTUNE FLIRTATION.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS ON THOUGHTS OF LOVE."

Matthew Arnold.

Born at Lalham, near Staines, December 22, 1822. Died, April 15, 1888. Buried at Lalham, April 19, 1888.

He who sang "Thyrsis," then, shall sing no more [notes] This side the stream that stills all earthly Whilst April wakes the woodland's tardy song. [floats]

On morn's mild breeze the thrush's fluting To ears long waiting and attentive long.

But near the shy Thames shore Mute lies the minstrel who with mellowest reed. [ways]

Piped of its sunny slopes and wandering Singer of light and of large-thoughted days, And the soul's stillness, art thou gone indeed? Great Son of a good father, Lalham's Tower,

'Neath which thou liest, is not firmlier set Than thy well-founded surely growing fame. The budding bries with April drops are wet, Anon the river-fields with gold shall flame;

The fritillary flower. [feet]

Shall spread its purple where thy frequent Lovingly lingered. For thy Muse's flight The Light of Nature's gift is yet more light,

The Sweetness of Earth's boon is still more sweet.

The Python of Stupidity is slain By Phœbus' shafts; the Philistine must fall To lucid wit and lambent irony;

And hot unreason yieldeth, if at all, To arms of light. Well, the world owes to This gospel, and its gain [thee]

Perchance is greater than from all the noise

Of Boanerges. Men at least may turn To thee the gracious ways of calm to learn, High Culture's bland repose and blameless joys.

"The night as welcome as a friend would fall."

So didst thou sing, and lo! to thee it came Like a friend's sudden clasp, and all was still. [thy fame Sleep well by thy loved Thames; henceforth With that of "Thyrsis" blent shall haunt

Each reach, each islet, all [each hill, That spreading scene which CLOUGH and ARNOLD loved; [more,

And men of English mould will love it Thinking, on silvery flood and verdant shore, "Here ARNOLD sang, here gentle Thyrsis roved!"

* "Thyrsis," MATTHEW ARNOLD'S exquisite Monody on the death of his friend, ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

TRIED BY THE FURNISS.—As might have been expected, the Fiery FURNISS has been "making it hot" for some of them in his lecture as reported in last Friday's *Times*. No one could more appropriately do this than the Fiery FURNISS. His instructive and amusing Lecture, evidently deals with burning questions. His next discourse will probably be headed, "Cremation by FURNISS," in which he will discuss the utility of burning bodies, and the advisability of selecting one considerable body—that of the Royal Academy—for an initial experiment. If he cannot obtain the entire body, he will be content with roasting one member at a time. This FURNISS burns brightly for nearly two hours, and no sort of interruption ever puts him out.

Goethe and the Very Dickens.

Mephistopheles, "The Spirit who denies," is the embodiment of Universal Scepticism. Mrs. Prig, who "didn't believe there wasn't no such person" as Mrs. Harris, is the illustration of the particular Sceptic. The first includes the second, and a term which shall be a combination of the two may well express modern scepticism; and this term is "Mephistophelian-Priggishness."

Mr. Arthur Roberts's Lament.

I CANNOT sing the old song
(Which line perhaps you've heard);

I do not like the old song
As sold by Messrs. SHEARD.

My serious reputation I

Must keep up in Lon-don,—

That second line is halting, but

'Twill be correct if you don't put

"The" (proper) "accent on."

SOMETHING LIKE A CONVERSION.—At the first conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association last Wednesday, when Mr. SPURGEON made one of his most telling and characteristic speeches, a Converted Devil addressed the Assembly. True he was only a Printer's Devil; but this is a step in the right direction, which would have delighted the Original OXEN and generous RONNIE BURNS of Ayr,—of that Ayr, by the way, whence came the puir Printer's Devil in question. He was one of the "inko guid."

A DILEMMA.—The Managers of St. James's Theatre have decided not to keep *The Wife's Secret*, but, on the other hand, they can't let it out.

THE WATER-COLOUR INSTITUTE.

SIR JAMES LINTON, you'll first notice, has a splendid "Sacharissa," Near it THOMAS's "Verandah" has a most unpleasant shine; But, as one great consolation, you can never fail to miss a Clever "Doleful Dumps" by TENNIEL, that's hung upon the line.



"Our Jelly Young Water-(Colour)-Man."

Here's JAMES ORROCK's "On the Solway," ERNEST PARTON paints us birches,

ARTHUR SEVERN Mussel-gatherers who fly from Morecambe Bay; While our KEELEY HALSWELL shows us quite the loveliest of churches,

And well JOSEPH KNIGHT's depicted what he calls "The Morning." In the next room we've some WEEDONS, which are bright and realistic,

While CHARLES GREEN has made his Turveydrop as perfect as Would that GREGORY's "Marooned" were far less hot and inartistic.—

As a contrast, note how WYLLIE or how EAST has treated sea.

HUBERT MEDLYCOTT's "Fishmongers' Hall and View of London Bridge" is

Neatly painted, and there's cleverness in KILBURN's old gavotte; EDWIN HAYES has shown us trawlers crossing heavy ocean-ridges,

While STOCK's soul in contemplation rivals even Oldham's STOTT.

Passing on, we note Count SECKENDORF's "San Remo," then the haunted

Chamber NASH has deftly painted; and a picture tells the tale Of how men are sore deceivers: there the Scot reads on undaunted,

In "The Covenanters" feeling that the bible will prevail.

There is WARREN's "Wealth of Woodland," TERRY's "Interesting Story."

In "A Chapter from the Koran," lo! the auditors are mute; And there's many another painter who deserves his meed of glory;

But the bard has spun six stanzas. Quantum suff., O Institute!

THE "PRODIGY" SONS.

THE infant OTTO HECHTER—a name very suggestive of a chicken scarcely out of its shell—has, it appears, been performing at the Philharmonic, a circumstance which the Musical Critic of the *Times*, who very reasonably urges that, as the Society is supposed to represent the interests of high-class music, it might be above yielding to the craze of the hour, confesses he views both with surprise and regret. That there is a regular flood of these musical prodigies threatening to sweep over every concert-hall platform, there is not a doubt; and while the public rush in applauding crowds to welcome them, it is not easy to see where it is to stop. As long as the fever lasts, their parents, whatever their weight, may be counted upon to keep hurrying them to the "scales," and set them down to the keyboard practising till they are often literally laid on their Bach's. Meantime, while the infants struggle, it is becoming a serious question for the regular adult performers, who will find their occupation gone, and certainly not know what to do with themselves, if the former are to have it all their own way. For them, whatever the public may think of it, the matter will undoubtedly be no mere "child's play," and they will surely hail any signs indicating that this recent determined invasion of the concert-room by the nursery is at all on the wane, with every expression of unfeigned delight.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A BOND STREET GALLERY.

SCENE—Exhibition Rooms of a well-known Art Dealer's, where the main attraction is a very charming collection of Japanese impressions by a Rising Painter. In the first room are displayed miscellaneous landscapes and figure-subjects by other painters, which two Prussian Persons are inspecting in puzzled silence.

First Prussian Person (after examining pictures of coast scenery by "Mr. William Stott, of Oldham"). I daresay it's all right—but it's not my idea of Japan! [Feels vaguely defrauded.]

Second P. P. (sensibly). I expect, if the truth was told, most places are pretty much alike. Seems to be something going on in the further room, though,—better go in and see if there's anything to be seen there, eh?

[They enter the inner Gallery, which is draped in dull carnation and pale yellow, and hung with sketches framed in old gold and dead copper, arranged in somewhat irregular order. Visitors are moving slowly from one picture to the other, making enthusiastic comments in a reverent whisper.]

First P. P. (a little dubiously). This looks more like it. Very eccentric, though, sticking the pictures about in patches like this! Second P. P. (shrewdly). Oh, they naturally want to make 'em go as far as they can, but they might have hung 'em in patterns,—much neater-looking than this. Will you get a Catalogue, or shall I?

First P. P. (without feeling in his pockets). Well, I'm not sure whether I have any silver about me.

Second P. P. That little Japanese girl, who sells them, will give you change, if you ask her.

First P. P. (annoyed). How the dooce am I to ask for change, when I don't know the language?

Second P. P. Oh, I'll get it, then. I'll make her understand somehow. (Goes up to little Jap. Lady, and proceeds to gesticulate elaborately with a shilling.) You give me—one book, I give you this. You understand?

Jap. Lady (sedately). I unnerstan' verri well. But the Catalogue is only seckspence—I can give you change.

Second P. P. (returning to friend with Catalogue). Wonderful how you can get along with signs! I never have any difficulty wherever I go. [They proceed to examine the pictures.]

First P. P. I wonder why they've all got a little red spot on the frame?

Second P. P. Oh, they put that on to show they're sold. Same as a star, you know.

First P. P. But some of them are ticketed "sold."

Second P. P. (staggered). Well, you may depend on it, it isn't done without some reason. Pity he don't finish his things more, isn't it?

First P. P. I daresay he wasn't given time. I've heard the authorities are very particular out there. (Pointing to sketch of village street.) Those Chinese lanterns aren't bad, though.

Second P. P. N-no, but you can get them anywhere now.

An Ancient Amateur (with loud voice, patronisingly to Manager). I congratulate you—very attractive exhibition you've got here—exceedingly so, indeed!

Manager (foreseeing a potential purchaser). It's having a great success, certainly. Have you seen the Press notices?

[Shows cuttings, mounted on pieces of cardboard.] The A. A. (waving them away). I don't require any papers to tell me what to admire. And I say again, there is some remarkably good work here—I don't care who hears me!

Manager. Quite so—now here's a fine one, look at the purity of that colour, now? And not expensive.

The A. A. Isn't it, though? Well, if Mr. (mentioning name of rising Painter), was here, I could tell him something he might find worth his attention.

Manager. I think he is in the Gallery. Ah! there he is. Would you like to be introduced to him?

The A. A. (with condescension). Certainly, certainly, by all means! (Introduction effected accordingly. Rising Painter slightly mystified.) How are you?—how are you? Very glad to have this opportunity. Always glad to see the younger men succeeding. (Rising Painter, more mystified than ever, wonders who the dooce he is.) I know all about these things. I daresay you'll know my name when I mention it. (Importantly.) I'm JARBERLEY, Sir. I've been to Japan. (As if the R. P. hadn't.)

[By this time a small crowd has collected, under the impression that the A. A. is the Painter himself.]

The R. P. (courteously vague). Oh, JARBERLEY, to be sure—of course! And you have been out there?

The A. A. (louder than ever). I have; and I may say I know something of the effects it is possible to get with that atmosphere. I sketched a good deal while I was there, purely for my own amusement, you understand (the R. P. bows), and I can give you a hint



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 28, 1868.



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WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE IMPRESSIONIST) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Impressionist. "VERY SLOPPY, ISN'T IT?"

Our Lady Critic. "WELL—I SHOULD NEVER HAVE DARED TO SAY SO,—BUT, SINCE YOU MENTION IT YOURSELF, I HONESTLY CONFESS I THINK IT'S VERY SLOPPY INDEED!" *Our Impressionist.* "I'M SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER!"

Our Lady Critic. "THE WEATHER! OH, THE WEATHER ISN'T SLOPPY!"

you may find useful next time you go. You get some rice—plain, ordinary rice—you follow me? (*General interest on part of Public.*) Well, you boil it, strain off the water, and put in your skies with that, d'ye see? (*Suppressed fury on part of R. P.*) You'll find it'll give a glaze, Sir, that it would take you a lifetime to get in any other way! And (*impressively*) there's this further advantage—when you've done, there's your rice, as good as ever. Now, you take my advice, and try it. Good day—most happy to have been of any service to you!

[*Exit A. A., leaving R. P. perfectly speechless with indignation.*

A well-meaning *Lady-Visitor*. They're simply too lovely, all of them. I could quite fancy myself in the Japanese Village at Knightsbridge, you know!

First P. P. (to Second ditto). Here, you've got the Catalogue—what's No. 56?

Second P. P. "The Tea-House of the Slender Trees"—at least (*cautiously*) that's what it's *down as*.

First P. P. (blankly). Oh, a fancy title, I suppose—and the next?

Second P. P. (referring to Catalogue, as before). "A Japanese Fifine at the Fair."

First P. P. A Japanese what at the Fair?

Second P. P. "Fifine" seems to be the native name for a girl out there. Here's an odd subject now—62. "Two Singing Girls waiting for a Jimrikashaw." Don't understand what that means—sounds like nonsense to me.

[*Which is his way of saying that it is nonsense.* First P. P. No subject in that. I like a picture that tells you at a glance what it's all about, but what are you to make of a "jimrikashaw?" What's this one with the umbrella?

Second P. P. (reading). "'The Child and the Umbrella.' The umbrella is pitched by the side of the stall to shade it from the intense sunlight."

First P. P. (suspiciously). Is that in the Catalogue?

Second P. P. (hurt). You can read it for yourself if you like.

First P. P. Well, he needn't have gone to Japan to find out that! Have you had enough of it?

Second P. P. I don't want to see any more. And (*with a show of humility*) it may be my bad taste—perhaps it is—but I'd rather have one good honest English oleograph than a dozen of these outlandish things. (*Proudly.*) I

would indeed! [They make their way out, with glances of wondering pity at the other visitors, who (not being Prosais Persons) are showing a very evident appreciation of the Exhibition—a circumstance which possibly consoles the Rising Painter and his Manager for any exceptions to the general rule.

L'AUDACE!!

"*De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace!*"

On the old quest, and after the old quarry?

Audacity's the arm for such a task.

The sight is stale, from use, and something sorry,

Of climbing CÆSAR with the patriot mask.

Great Uncle, little Nephew, in such fashion

Clambered and clutched; may not another scale

The steep whose fair first step is patriot passion,

A splendid pretext seldom known to fail?

Ho for the syrie! There the golden eagle

Perches, a little shabby-plumed of late

'Tis true, not quite so obviously regal

As when of old he sat in solemn state,

Pinnaclied high, and spreading mighty pinion,

Ready for arrowy flight or thunderous swoop;

Lord of the upper ether's large dominion,

King of the mountain-haunting harpy troop.

Rome's mimic eagles "glared in gold;" this creature

Glares at the sun with orbs almost as bright.

Age-dimmed? Perchance! But each Stymphalian

feature,

The brazen claw, the beak of iron might

Remain to mark the breed, sublime, predacious,

And moulting plumes may be repreened in sooth;

Swooping again athwart its air-realm spacious,

The Imperial Eagle may renew its youth.

Cling, clutch, hold climber! Foothold most precarious

Those crags afford; but there the golden prize

Perches alone—such birds are not gregarious—

Peering down on you with half-curios eyes,

Those eyes that scanned the Corsican, and goggled

Upon the lesser hero HUGO scourged.

So tough a task must not be botched or boggled,

But with audacious caution should be urged.

"Be bold—be bold—not too bold!" To measure

Strength, skill, and daring artfully aright

Is not for bunglers. But that tempting treasure!

The chance of lofty place and splendid flight!

A thought to fire—and dazzle. From below you

Rings on your ear the fickle mob's acclaim;

They watch, they worship. Some day they will know

you:

Will the late knowledge safety bring, or shame?

Sedan and St. Helena tell their stories,

But those seem old wives' fables when the chance

Revenge of snatching, of renewing glories

Swims on the ken of splendour-loving France.

The Dove is a tame fowl; perpetual cooing

Palls on the Gallic ear, what time so near

The strenuous Teuton the War God is wooing.

The Eagle! Ah! Glad memories, triumphs dear,

Link with the Olympian fowl, and who'll remember

The Bird of Jove is also bird of prey?

Oh, Man of Destiny, Man of December,

Your Shades must surely watch your France to-day.

This scarcely looks the Eagle that once fluttered

Europe's scared Courts from London to Berlin,

When Vulture, Hawk, and Falcon shrieked and scuttled.

Before its swoop with dire dismay and din.

More like the prisoned eagle, sick and sulky,

That cannot rove or rend, and will not pair.

And yet our latest cragman, bold, and bulky,

With none too much of the heroic air,

The Boulevardier's Bourgeois-Bayard, struggles

By the old steps to the old syrie. Yes!

And will the old end drown the old, old juggies?

Can France foresee, the World do more than guess?

OMINOUS NAME.—When General BOULANGER appears in public, he is generally accompanied by M. LA GUERRE. That BOULANGER and LA GUERRE should be inseparables, —*ça donne à penser.*



"THE SERMON QUESTION."

Curails (Musical). "BUT WHY DO YOU OBJECT TO HAVING A HYMN DURING THE COLLECTION?"
Rector (Practical). "WELL, YOU SEE, I PREACH A GOOD SERMON, WHICH I CALCULATE
 SHOULD MOVE THE PEOPLE TO AN AVERAGE OF HALF-A-CROWN EACH; BUT I FIND, DURING A
 LONG HYMN, THEY SEEM TO COOL DOWN, AND IT BARELY BRINGS A SHILLING A HEAD!"

NOVELS AS THEY ARE WROTE.

ANXIOUS to discover whether there were any grounds for the statement recently put forth by Mr. WALTER BESANT in regard to the work of the novelist, to the effect that "no moving situation was ever yet depicted that did not cause the author anguish and tears," and also with a view to ascertaining how far the writers of modern fiction, before they are able to impress their readers with the force of any particular situation they attempt to describe, are under the necessity of first practically realising it fully themselves, our Commissioner, in conformity with his announcement made last week, has been hurrying about, and interviewing several well-known authors, in the hopes of throwing some light on the subject. The following is a summary of the result of such inquiries as he has been enabled to make in the interval.

Mr. WILLIAM BLACK thoroughly agrees with Mr. WALTER BESANT. He not only cries and laughs, but sings, and even dances and roars over his work, so completely is he carried away by it. This is especially the case in his description of natural phenomena. Sometimes, in depicting a storm, he has sat in his study with an open umbrella over him, and even rushed into an adjacent room to have a shower-bath, from which he has emerged dripping, to finish his chapter. This has frequently given him violent influenza. But he is sure it has enabled him to reach his public.

Mr. RIDER HAGGARD is of the same opinion, and he cannot conceive a strong situation affecting the reader which has not powerfully affected the author. He wrote the famous apotheosis of "She" in a darkened room, with a flaming bowl of snap-dragon before him, and as he realised the full horror of the scene he was describing, he fairly yelled, and jumped round the room, leaping over the sofa, chairs, and tables in his wild excitement. Ultimately collapsing in a smothered heap on the hearth-rug and upsetting the contents of the snap-dragon bowl over him, he was discovered enveloped in blue flame by his Secretary, who finally put him out. He then crept to his chair and put the closing lines to the scene. All his best work has been done in this fashion. He believes it to be the only way.

Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON always identifies himself with his own characters. When building up the peculiarities of his famous villains in his romance of *Treasure Island*, he used frequently to spend his spare time in creeping about the house stealthily and chuckling over their evil deeds, and he would often, when dining out, find himself, in the intervals of conversation, involuntarily singing "*Fifteen men on a dead man's chest! Ho! ho! ho! for a bottle of Rum!*" Even the episode of throwing the crutch was rehearsed. He flung a pair of drawing-room tongs through a conservatory at a parrot in a brass cage, and brought it down. That is how he got his inspiration. He felt intensely the necessity of realising every line he wrote, and his life had in consequence become almost a succession of gymnastics.

Mr. MARION CRAWFORD never puts pen to paper without "tears and anguish." When in his recent novel, *Paul Patoff*, he began describing the eccentricities of the hero's mother, he had to be removed to Bedlam to finish it. He weeps copiously over every line he writes, and never sits down to a fresh chapter without being first provided with a large supply of pocket handkerchiefs.

MARIE CORRELLI is powerfully affected by her own conceptions. When engaged in the production of her novel *Vendetta*, she was so engrossed in her subject that she felt herself several times impelled by an almost uncontrollable impulse to waylay the tax-collector and stab him with paper-knife. Thus she nourished a real thirst for vengeance. Even her publishers were at last afraid to meet her.

Mr. F. ANSTY, the moment he sits down to his study-table, is so conscious that he ought to put something funny on to paper, that he not unfrequently goes into such fits of laughter that he is utterly unable to hold his pen. When at work on his *Fallen Idol*, he was so often in hysterics from this cause, that he produced the greater portion of it in company with his Medical Adviser, who had to be perpetually lowering his spirits by the administration of powerful sedatives until the last chapter was finished. He wrote the whole of his first novel, *Vice Versa*, at a scream.

Mr. HAWLEY SMART feels that, to reach his readers, an Author must put himself in the position he endeavours to describe; he has therefore written every line of his latest work, *The Outsider*, on the knife-board of an omnibus.

Mr. LEWIS CARROL expressed surprise that it was not generally known that he wrote the greater portion of *Alice in Wonderland* while standing on his head. This was how he got hold of the "Jabberwock." He had recently been engaged on a new work, during the production of which he had turned frequent back-somersaults. He fully concurred with Mr. WALTER BESANT's proposition.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 16.— More debate on Second Reading of Local Government Bill. COURTYARD led off, dragging into his Memorial the reference to Proportional Representation which serves him as head of King CHARLES THE FIRST served another eminent man. After him came CHAMBERLAIN. Aspect of House suddenly changed. Benches filled up. Members became really interested. Seems to be, after all, something intelligible in Bill. A striking speech, fluent, concise, admirably phrased, and mercifully brief. Touched up, moreover, with some of those little thrusts at former friends, which so delights House. COURTYARD playfully chaffed; GLADSTONE who, fortunately, did not happen to be present, put hopelessly in the wrong. MUNDELLA at one point ventured to say, "Oh!" ; thought he would have been chewed up on the spot. Concluded to listen to remaining portions of speech in silence.

HARTINGTON so far interested, that he didn't get more than forty winks' sleep throughout the speech. Quite exception this. Has profited immensely out of debate as far as it has gone. Looks forward to many peaceful evenings in Committee; doesn't mind an occasional late night or exceptionally hard work through the day. Whenever Local Government Bill is on goes down to House, settles himself in corner seat on Front Bench, crosses his legs, closes his eyes, falls asleep like a shot. CHAMBERLAIN's vivacity little disturbing. But HARTINGTON made it up later, when CHAPLIN rose.

"Washington Mission nothing to this," said GRANDOLPH, moodily regarding the scene. "Anyone could arrange a Fishery Treaty. CHAMBERLAIN the only man who has been able to make debate on Local Government Bill interesting since RITCHIE brought Bill in."

WILFRID LAWSON poked fun at CHAMBERLAIN's championship of Selected Councillors. Objected only to name. Call them Aldermen, and all would be well, LAWSON agreed. Drew moving picture of Alderman CHAPLIN and Alderman BARTTELET going to Church.

Writ moved to-day for election for Mid-Lanarkshire. So exit STEPHEN MASON. Pity he wasn't here just' another night to take part in revolt against Lord Advocate. This burst forth after midnight. The MACKINTOSH moved Opposition to particular Scotch Endowment scheme. Lord Advocate rose, said not a word for or against scheme, but gave Scotch Members terrible wiggling for coming to House and presuming to call in question a scheme approved by Scotch Education Department. Something in appearance of Lord Advocate that would have carried terror to Southron mind; the towering form, the majesty of wrath, the flashing eye, the quivering lip, all terrible. But Scots-who-has not to be cowed. Turned upon Lord Advocate; angrily protested against his scolding.

A pretty scene. JOSEPH GILLIS looking on from below Gangway, smiled approvingly. No knowing but what, in time, something might be made of these Scotch Members. House didn't adjourn till quarter to one.

Business done.—Local Government Bill.

Tuesday Night.— What a night we have had to be sure! Makes up for the ponderous performance through morning sitting. All began in little mistake. Everybody thought House would be counted when SPEAKER took Chair again at Nine o'clock. Consequence was, everyone, including Lord Advocate, settled down comfortably to dinner. But Teetotalers interested in Second Order, introducing Local Option in Scotland. Teetotalers don't want as much time for dinner as other people; so down in full force at Nine o'clock. Count tried; defeated. BRYCE moved Second Reading of Access to Scotch Mountains Bill.

Lord Advocate instructed to oppose measure. But where was Lord Advocate? Scots sent out in search. Access to Lord Advocate even more difficult than access to Scotch Mountains. Bill

passed Second Reading. McLAGAN moved Scotch Local Option Bill without saying a word. A good deal to say; but Lord Advocate might be in any moment; so the judicious McLAGAN pocketed his speech, and got his Bill passed. At this moment Lord Advocate arrived with shining face and dinner dress. Cordially cheered by Scotch Radical Members who had just passed most important stage of two Bills designed to undermine Constitution.

Thirty Bills on the Orders; all private Members' ventures; most of them horribly Radical; scouts still out; Ministers dropping in breathless and alarmed; Benches filling up on both sides; every man in dinner-dress looking as if he had just been torn away from dinner-table when cigars and coffee coming on. In excitement of moment, RICHARD TEMPLE got locked in "Aye" Lobby; Rescued through "No" Lobby. Old Morality arrived just in time to see him emerge, offering observations understood to be Hindustani.

By Eleven o'clock House quite full; threw itself with ardour into discussion of Steam Engines and Boilers Bill; here JACKSON distinguished himself in quite unexpected fashion. Seems that, before he became Financial Secretary, spent his youth in a boiler; his early manhood among the flues. Old Morality gazed at him with unfeigned admiration. EDWARD CLARKE began to think it was worth while being rushed from dinner-table to hear this.

"If," said JACKSON, with air of conviction, "an employer of labour does not know that his boiler is subject to corrosion, where has he lived? Some one says 'No,'" JACKSON continued, fiercely turning in the direction of MUNDELLA. "As an employer of labour, I can say that I always looked after my own boiler. I have been in a boiler several times, and through all its flues."

House cheered enthusiastically. JACKSON not quite the figure for a comfortable exploration of recesses of a flue. But as CLARKE, jealous for veracity of his colleague, says, "He entered the flue before he entered the House." No resisting flood of JACKSON's eloquence. "Speaks so fluently," said GEORGE JOKIN. Using phrase in Parliamentary sense, JACKSON burst the boiler. Bill rejected by overwhelming majority.

"There's a Government for you," said ADDISON, Q.C. "Hit them where you like, they ring out sound. Only Ministry of modern times that includes a Member at home in a boiler, and fluent about flues."

Business done.—immense! Unprecedented!! Something like half a score of Private Bills debated and disposed of!!! JACKSON emerged triumphant out of Boiler Flue!!!!

Wednesday. Full attendance to-day. Second Reading of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill on again.



Exit Stephen Mason.

Lockwood says she's the only Sister Bill he ever heard of. Supposes her full name is WILHELMINA. Seems a little familiar to allude to her as "Bill." But that familiarity of long standing. Been with House for many years. Members know all about arguments. Have come to vote. Will not remain to listen; so missed mincing speech of HOME SECRETARY, in which he sedulously trotted out CARDINAL MANNING to sanction his illiberal views.

HUGHES-HALLETT, sitting just behind, much impressed.

HOME SECRETARY opposed Bill on ground

that it would lead to invasion of sanctity of domestic circle, and under-

mine social purity. "Ah!"

said HUGHES-HALLETT,

sniffing at scent of violets

in his button-hole, "that

will never do."

So when time came, he went out with HOME SECRETARY, CHAPLIN, and other good men, to vote against WILHELMINA.

Simple JOHN SIMON met the Pieman, represented by HOME SECRETARY. Utterly routed him on question of Jewish practice. HENRY FOWLER brought up reserves, pitting Cardinal NEWMAN against Cardinal WINEKMAN. FOWLER succeeded in adding rare touch of interest to well-worn theme by relating forgotten story of how the present law was established. All about a Duke who loved his WILHELMINA and married her. LYNDHURST brought in Bill in Lords, which said "Duke not guilty, but no one else must do it again." That's the law in a nutshell. House decided to crack it. 239 voted for HENRY'S Bill, 182 against.

Business done.—Deceased Wife's Sister Bill read Second Time by

majority of 57.



The Judicious McLagan.

Lord Advocate instructed to oppose measure. But where was Lord Advocate? Scots sent out in search. Access to Lord Advocate even more difficult than access to Scotch Mountains. Bill

Thursday.—ARTHUR BALFOUR really confused to-night. Generally thought that lowest depths of barbarous cruelty been reached when O'BRIEN's breeches were annexed.

Now SWEENEY's breeches are missing.

BALFOUR more than suspected. CLANCY brings charge in form of question. BALFOUR, white to the lips, tries to assume easy air. But E. HARRINGTON sternly pins him to the fact that when JOHN SWEENEY entered Galway goal he wore braces ("Suspenders" they were called in the printed question, braces not being a Parliamentary word); when JOHN SWEENEY woke up one morning he found his suspenders had disappeared, like the snow on the mountains, like the foam on the river, gone and for ever.

Where are those suspenders now? E. HARRINGTON asked.

Guilty blood mounted to forehead of ARTHUR BALFOUR. No one even suggested that he had personally appropriated SWEENEY's suspenders. But where were they? No satisfactory answer. Whole thing looked very bad, and Government gladly changed subject by resuming debate on Local Government Bill.

Business done.—SWEENEY's suspenders solemnly sought.

Friday.—Fireworks at last. Sixth night of debate on Second Reading of Local Government Bill. A long, depressing experience. To-night, just when flickering out, HARcourt lighted up place with oration of impromptu. "Went for" his dear friend and late colleague CHAMBERLAIN with great gusto. Only pity CHAMBERLAIN not there to hear it. House enjoyed it immensely. Quite took shine out of GOSCHEN, who didn't make single joke.

Business done.—Local Government Bill read Second Time.

VALUABLE LITERARY FRAGMENT.

It is with much pleasure that we publish the following extract from a new historical play, which, judging from internal evidence, seems to have been written by the joint Authors of the latest Haymarket success.

SCEENE—Hampton Court. Wits of the period discovered laughing.

Lady of the Court. Ah, Mr. SHERIDAN and you consider the poem I have read to you will have great weight with his Majesty?

Sheridan (with a low bow). It should, Madam—for it is decidedly heavy. [All laugh.]

Dryden. Put that in your next comedy and bury it.

[Takes a pinch of snuff and nudges CIBBER. Some laugh.]

Colley Cibber. It would be safer in the Doctor's Dictionary—there no one would read it.

[Takes snuff and nudges SHERIDAN. All laugh.]

Johnson. That is a matter of opinion, Mr. CIBBER; but remember, as BOSWELL says, we cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

[DRYDEN, CIBBER, and SHERIDAN nudge each other and take snuff.] Johnson scowls. Some laugh.

Herald. The King!

Flourish of trumpets. Enter WILLIAM THE THIRD and Queen ANNE with Court.

King. Where is the Duchess?

Colley Cibber (with a low bow). I presume, Sire, you ask for the Dutchess as a Dutch-man? [The King smiles. All smile, except the Black Page in the corner.]

Flourish of trumpets. Enter the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH.

King. So, my Lords and Gentlemen, you are in Hampton Court, and you are pleased with it? [Only the Black Page smiles.]

Dryden (with a low bow). Certainly, Sire, we find no hamper in Hampton. [All laugh.]

King. Quite so; but it is not every bird that knows his own nest on a market day in September. [Half the Court laugh.]

Colley Cibber (half aside). That depends, your Majesty, on the company! [Nearly all laugh.]

Dofos. But you forget that two's company, and three none.

[Nudges DRYDEN, who chuckles, and nudges COLLEY CIBBER. Some laugh.]

Swift (satirically). Except on Ash Wednesday.

[All laugh except BOSWELL, and the Herald with the trumpet.]

Lady of the Court (curtseying). Nay, your Reverence, you forget that a miller in a white hat has as much right to look at a cat as a king. [DRYDEN nudges CIBBER, who nudges JOHNSON. All three laugh aside.]

Sheridan. I am reminded by your Ladyship's observation that these ducks are putting their heads under the water for divers reasons. [Everybody laughs.]

Oliver Goldsmith. What do you know about water, you impecunious one? Unless you take it in French as a oce?

[He nudges COLLEY CIBBER, who walks angrily away, using gold-headed cane. Some laugh.]

Steele. Which would be appropriate. You would expect to find a hoe near a rake. [All laugh except JOHNSON, who nudges CIBBER.]

Addison. Talking of rakes, I suppose you would buy one with a spade guinea?

[Takes snuff, and offers box to DEFOR, who pockets it. Exit DEFOR, followed by ADDISON. Some laugh.]

Johnson. Well, and why not? A shilling is, after all, only twelve pence, and although I may be a penny wise, there is one close to me who would be a pound foolish—or a philosopher! [All laugh.]

[Exit the Queen, much annoyed, followed by the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH, using fan. Exit Black Page.]

King. I can well believe that, for I have often been to the Treasury and—

Dryden (bowing obsequiously). With your Majesty's pardon—found it empty!

[The King laughs heartily, and slaps DRYDEN on the back. Everybody in convulsions and slapping everybody else on the back. Music.]

King. Well argued, Master Poet; but methinks good COLLEY CIBBER, there is as much news in a hazel nut as an intelligence. Colley Cibber. And so, Your Majesty, I take my leave—

Sheridan. Which is all you can take without the help of a French Dictionary!

[COLLEY CIBBER growls and exit slowly, as if not having got a repartee quite ready. DRYDEN and JOHNSON nudge each other, and try to conceal their laughter. All laugh.]

King. You press him too hard; remember that when a grub is broken on the wheel you cannot expect it to turn out a butterfly.

Sheridan. Saving your Majesty's presence—except it be well-brad. Like a half-open door—not only a door, but—

King. A Pomp-a-door! [Everybody roaring with laughter.]

Lady of the Court (convinced with merriment). Nay, Sire, as you are strong be merciful! [Some laugh.]

Dryden. Merciful, Madam! In good sooth, your request, like your weight, should turn the scales—as a fish does! [Some laugh.]

Re-enter COLLEY CIBBER.

King. Well, and what is the latest news?

Colley Cibber (with a profound bow). I regret to say, your Majesty, that Queen ANNE is dead! [All laugh.]

Curtain.

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skilful hand doth exquisitely trace

The colour and the beauty of Verona's Market Place;

While HERBERT MARSHALL'S London Views are full of London tone,

And Miss MONTALBA's Venice is delicious you will own.

The "Loiterers," by ALFRED FRIPP, the "Quay Pool," done by HALE,

And SMALLFIELD'S "Sleepy Sussex," to view you will not fail;

With HUNT'S fresh breezy landscapes how delighted, you will be,

And MOORE's pell-mell breakers save excursions to the sea.

There is ANDREWS' View of Strasbourg, there is PARKER'S "Harvest Time,"

And a picture by GLINDONI, which is hard to get in rhyme. There are drawings by Miss MARTINEAU, by WATSON, and by WHATELL.

By BEAUM, BOYCE, and BRADLEY—but allow me just to state—There are many more you'll look at; 'twill repay you well, I know. If you'll drop in some fine morning to this Water-Colour Show.

THE DRAMATIST IN THE LOBBY.—Mr. JOSEPH NOLAN is said to be engaged on bringing out a new version of *The Stranger*.

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UNQUOTE TESTIMONIAL.
LOCKWOOD St., HULL, December 6th, 1887.
Sir—I had a box of your Safety Pins in
time past, and the remainder, some 100,
have been lost or borrowed, some lost,
but broken, and the remainder, two or three
as good as they were the day I received
yours.—H. TATE.

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"to-day"

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